

LIBERTY

A ROMANCE OF OLD MEXICO

by **H. VAN LOAN**

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTOPLAY SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME, RELEASED BY THE UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Liberty Horton, American heiress and owner of a large Mexican estate, is captured and held for ransom by Juan Lopez, a noted Mexican insurrectionist. While in his camp she overhears a plan to attack an American town and army camp. She escapes with the aid of Pedro, a faithful servant, and while a rescuing party, headed by Major Winston, U. S. army, Captain Rutledge of the Texas Rangers, who is in love with her, and Manuel Leon, son of her other guardian, pursue her, she rides to warn the Americans. They are repulsed by Mexican soldiers that night. Pancho Lopez threatens Major Winston with exposure of his capture unless he, Major Winston, forces Liberty to marry his son Manuel. The major refuses. Liberty, who is in the argument between Pancho and the major, steps into the room and to save the major's honor, she agrees to marry Manuel. Rutledge prevents Pedro from killing Manuel. The marriage takes place. Major Winston, with Rutledge, leaves to join the troops, who have, in the meantime, received orders to cross the line and bring back, dead or alive, the guardian responsible for the discovery outrage. Manuel goes to Liberty's room that night and is watched by Theresa. Liberty tells him she is his wife in name only. As he is leaving, Theresa attempts to kill Manuel. Pedro arrives at the hacienda, attempts to hear Theresa telling Liberty that although she is Manuel's wife in the eyes of the law, in the eyes of God she (Theresa) is his wife. Pedro confirms this statement. Manuel joins Lopez. Liberty makes a desperate effort to escape. Lopez attempts to blow up American troops at Lacinda, but plan is foiled by Liberty. A pilot arrives at camp of Major Winston with orders to stop invasion pending diplomatic negotiations. Rutledge goes to rescue Liberty, who with Pedro escapes into the desert.

NINTH EPISODE.

A Daughter of Mars.

Liberty now had two weapons, the guard's rifle and the revolver she had found under the blanket. The sight of Lopez and Manuel laughing as they talked beside the cases of ammunition gave her an idea.

Slowly she raised the rifle between the bars of the cell window and pulled the trigger.

A tremendous explosion followed as the bullet struck a case of dynamite. Lopez and Manuel were buried beneath a mountain of sand. Attracted by the mysterious explosion, a hundred soldiers came running to their aid.

They helped carry Lopez into the hut which he made his quarters.

"A few bad cuts, but otherwise neither of them are seriously injured," remarked the surgeon after a cursory examination.

A half mile from the explosion Pedro and Rutledge lay snuggled behind a sand mound.

"That's strange," remarked Rutledge. "I was just drawing a bead on that pile of cases when you went."

Bob and Pedro had tethered their horses to a sturdy cactus not far from where they lay hidden.

"I guess we had better get back to the horses," remarked Rutledge. "They will be investigating soon, and we don't want to be caught without our mounts."

Upon reaching the top of the next sand knoll Rutledge made a disheartening discovery. Their horses were gone!

"Now we are up against it," declared Rutledge savagely.

The Mexicans, never suspecting that Liberty had fired the shot which blew up their ammunition, had now separated into bands and were scouring the surrounding desert for the Americans whom they suspected of being in the vicinity. Two of Lopez' horsemen topped the rise a hundred feet from Rutledge and Pedro.

Pedro and Bob hurriedly scurried across the sand and without waiting a moment jumped to the backs of the horses. The two Mexicans cried out in fright as the Americans sprang up behind them. Pedro, with his superior strength, was able to grasp his man with a strangle hold which prevented the latter from putting up a fight, but Rutledge had his hands full. His man turned upon him savagely, whipping out his knife at the same moment.

A terrific struggle followed. The Mexican succeeded in reaching his revolver after Rutledge had wrenched his knife from him. Before Rutledge could prevent him the Mexican had fired a warning shot, which attracted the attention of the Mexicans in the valley.

Some miles farther on Pedro's Mexican also began to show fight. The wiry young scout made short work of him, however.

Bob now realized that it was his life against the Mexican's, and when the latter, after firing a shot to attract his fellow bandits, turned the barrel on him, Rutledge shot without hesitation and ducked as the Mexican's bullet whizzed by his head. The Mexican dropped dead.

Using the bandit's body as a shelter, Bob now turned his attention to the Mexicans who were drawing in upon him.

"This is the finish," thought Rutledge, "unless Pedro gets back in time with Winston and the boys."

Liberty, waking from her afternoon siesta, walked to the window of her cell to gaze upon the havoc created by the explosion of the ammunition and dynamite. Across the sands she saw a body of Mexicans leading a familiar figure toward the hut which Lopez made his headquarters.

"Bob Rutledge!" she gasped, as the figures drew closer.

The bandits halted in front of Lopez's cabin where Liberty could see and hear everything that passed.

"Well, my gallant American captain," sneered Lopez, "I suppose you are after Liberty over there in the hut?" Lopez pointed to the white-faced girl who peered out from behind the bars of her prison. "Well, tell me what I want to know and I will let you go. If you tell me enough, maybe I will let her go with you. That would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"Save your wind," replied Rutledge. "Take him out," ordered Lopez. "Give him a little Mexican inquisition. And do it so that tiger cat over there can see it." Lopez pointed to Liberty, who stood white faced with her brow pressed against the bars of her cell.

Meanwhile Pedro rode madly across the desert. Toward three o'clock he reached the last sand hill which separated him from the American encampment. Breathlessly he rode up to Major Winston's tent.

"They've got Rutledge, major," he panted.

Without an instant's hesitation Major Winston seized a bugle that lay on a camp chair and shrilled out a blast that brought the entire camp to its feet. Throwing the bugle to the ground Winston leaped to his horse and was off before his own men had thrown saddles on their mounts.

"Some of you fellows that are handy

with your knives show us what you can do at long-distance throwing," commanded Lopez. "See how thick the American's hide is."

"Stop it!" Lopez wheeled around to find himself looking into the barrel of Liberty's rifle.

"Pancho Lopez," shouted Liberty, her voice hoarse with determination, "the first knife that is flung at Rutledge means a bullet through your miserable head."

That night there went forth from Washington the definite order for the withdrawal of American troops.

Alone of all the American officers, Major Winston, leader of the most advanced outpost, disobeyed orders. With a hundred odd bronzed cavalymen following close behind, the late afternoon of the day Pancho Lopez stood Bob Rutledge up against a whitewashed 'dobe wall, found the grizzled old major and his troopers still fighting their way through the desert sand.

"We may be too late to get Rutledge alive," declared the major, "but, by God, we'll get Lopez and his skunk-colored gang."

Lopez stood irresolute, his hands raised high in the air while Liberty continued to point her short-barreled shotgun at him.

"Now, order one of your men to open the door of this hut," shouted Liberty, "or I'll blow the few brains you have out on the sand."

Lopez, knowing well that the American girl meant every word, reluctantly gave the order. Liberty stepped forth from the hut.

"Take these ropes off Rutledge," Liberty then commanded, "and remember, Lopez, if you or any of your men make the slightest suspicious move I will let you have the contents of this gun."

Lopez suddenly unbound Rutledge and then, upon Liberty's orders, pushed ahead, while Rutledge and Liberty followed, Rutledge covering the Mexican bandits with his rifle and Liberty with the barrel of her shotgun close against Lopez' ribs.

Immediately after Rutledge, Liberty and Lopez had disappeared over the sand dunes on horseback Lopez followed.

In the last year the cost of living has increased approximately 35 per cent, according to the best figures obtainable by William C. Redfield, secretary of commerce.

Montgomery (Ala.) city council passed an ordinance making it an offense punishable by a fine of \$100 and 60 days' imprisonment to induce

any laborer to leave the city.

The women's trade union league will plan ways and means of securing the eight-hour day for working women, both by organization and legislation.

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Read the Classified Ads.

lowered a council of war to decide how to rescue their leader. Finally Manuel mounted a horse and, taking a circuitous route, rode off with the intention of waylaying Rutledge and Liberty at a bend in the desert trail.

Rutledge anticipated some such move on the part of the insurrectos and whispered his suspicions to Liberty. "You had better ride on ahead, my dear," he said. "I will take my chances with Lopez. Try to pick up Pedro. I am sure he escaped, and if he did he will be on the way back by now with some of the boys."

Two miles down the trail Liberty thought she heard a shot. Rutledge and Lopez were invisible in the long sandy hollow behind her.

Liberty had heard a shot. Rutledge, jogging along with Lopez a few feet in front of him suddenly felt a burning sensation in his right arm.

"Winged!" Rutledge hastily shifted his revolver to his left hand. Several hundred yards to the left a crumbling 'dobe shelter gave him an idea. Realizing that his profusely bleeding wound might put him at Lopez' mercy in a few minutes, Rutledge seized the bridle of the latter's horse.

"Beat it!" he ordered. "And beat it quick."

Lopez, glad to escape under any conditions, roweled his mount and slid to the opposite side in Indian fashion, fearing that Rutledge would give him a parting shot. The American, however, cantered slowly to a 'dobe hut, binding his wound on the way with a bandanna handkerchief. Another shot, and then a score sputtered on the walls of the hut as Rutledge clanged the metal door shut behind him, leaving his horse outside.

He knew that either Liberty or Pedro would be along with help soon, and in this he was not disappointed. Pedro, with four daring riders, in fact already was on his way, intent upon rescuing Bob Rutledge. Meanwhile the rest of the cavalymen were riding ahead to round up the band of insurrectos at their desert retreat.

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Driver of Auto Killed and Four Girls are Injured in Accident

THE DEAD
AMOS FRANK WORK, former partner of John Gustason in the Marion Bar.

THE INJURED
Marie Harrison, 2681 Lincoln avenue, both arms broken.
Margaret Harrison, 2681 Lincoln avenue, scratched and bruised.
Ruth and Mildred Burkland, 170 Twenty-seventh street, scratched and bruised.
Catherine Kelliher, 164 Twenty-seventh street, scratched and bruised.

Amos Frank Work, a well known local business man, was killed and five young ladies of Ogden, Marie Harrison, aged 19; Margaret Harrison, aged 24; Mildred Burkland, aged 16; Ruth Burkland, aged 19; and Catherine Kelliher, aged 16, were injured about 7:30 o'clock last night, when Work's automobile, in which they were riding, crashed through a barbed wire fence, struck a ditch and turned turtle in a meadow off the state highway, near Sunset station on the Bamberger line.

Work, who was driving the car, lived only a couple of minutes after he was pinned beneath it. Marie Harrison had both arms broken below the elbows and the other girls were scratched and bruised to a considerable extent.

The point at which the accident occurred is about seven miles south of Ogden and the screams of the girls attracted the attention of Judge and Mrs. J. A. Howell, District Attorney and Mrs. John C. Davis and Judge N. J. Harris, who were busy repairing an automobile tire a few rods from where Work's automobile lay on the road. They rushed to the scene and, while Judge Harris and Attorney Davis raised the wrecked automobile, Judge Howell, Mrs. Howell and Mrs. Davis pulled its unfortunate driver and Margaret Harrison from beneath it. The other four girls had been thrown clear of it into the meadow. Work gasped once or twice and died immediately after he had been extricated from his position underneath the steering gear of the automobile.

Miss Harrison, with the exception of a bruised nose, was found to be uninjured. The other girls were quickly located and news of the accident was telephoned to Ogden from a nearby residence. City Physician W. E. Whalen and Detective Captain Robert Burk of the Ogden police department answered the call and arriving at the scene shortly afterward, the doctor ascertained that Work was dead and Marie Harrison seriously injured. The girls were placed in the automobiles of Captain Burk and Dr. Whalen and brought to Ogden.

They are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. James Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Burkland and Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Kelliher, neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Work.

Mrs. Work stated last night that she knew they had gone riding with her husband as he told her that they had often asked him for the treat of a ride in his car and he had decided to take them for a spin on the state highway. The party left the city about 7 o'clock and, according to the girls, Mr. Work drove the car at a moderate rate of speed. Just before the accident occurred, they said, Work seemed to lose control of the steering wheel and the automobile suddenly turned off the road, crashed through a fence, struck a ditch and turned over, end for end.

According to District Attorney Davis, who witnessed the accident, his party had started for Kaysville, to attend a political meeting. About a half mile from Sunset station, something went wrong with the automobile and they stopped to repair it. As

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Davis stepped out, another automobile approached and he noticed that its lights darted about as though it was zig-zagging across the road. Suddenly, he saw it dash off the road and through the fence.

After they had rendered all possible assistance to the victims of the accident, Judges Howell and Harris continued on to Kaysville, while Mr. Davis remained to await the arrival of Dr. Whalen from Ogden.

The body of Mr. Work was brought to Ogden by Larkin & Sons, undertakers, but was later given into the charge of Undertaker P. F. Kirken-dall.

The dead man was 48 years of age, having been born in Iowa in 1868. For several years, he owned the principal interest in the Marion Bar, but sold out to his partner, John Gustason about six weeks ago. Since then he had been buying and selling horses. He is survived by his wife, who recently returned from Idaho, where she visited her parents.

Society

MRS. O'BRIEN HOSTESS.

Mrs. James O'Brien was the charming hostess of the Mizpah 500 club at her home on Twenty-second street, last evening.

The following numbers were present: Misses Erma Moore, Arleen Stevens, Meda Parry, Ruth White, Eliza Cragun, Elizabeth Blair and Vera Hilton, Messrs. Albert Squires, Leo Squires, Earl Pingree, Harold Parry, Frank Williams, James O'Brien, Robt. Goodman and William Gormley.

HALLOWE'EN CARD PARTY.

The Royal Neighbors of America will give a Halloween card party Monday evening, October 23 in the L. O. O. F. hall in the Fraternity block. Music and refreshments will be a part of the entertainment for which a small admission fee will be charged.

RETURNS TO OGDEN.

Mrs. Fred N. Hess has returned from the east, and the family is now located at 2703 Washington avenue, the Browning apartments.

FROM DENVER.

Miss Margaret Holland of Denver spent the week in Ogden with friends and relatives. She will leave for the coast Sunday evening to spend the winter months.

FOR BEN E. YOUNG.

A very successful social was given in the Twelfth ward on Tuesday, October 17 in honor of Mr. Ben E. Young, who leaves for a mission in New Zealand for the Mormon church. A big crowd enjoyed the dancing. Mr. Young is a popular member of the ward and he takes with him the good wishes of many friends and gifts that will remind him of his associates.

HOME CULTURE CLUB.

The Home Culture club will meet with Mrs. C. W. Kendall, 983 Twenty-third street Wednesday afternoon, October 26.

1916 SEWING CLUB. Mrs. Hazel Fleming was hostess to members of the 1916 Sewing club at her home on Hall's Court last Wednesday afternoon, October 18. The ladies enjoyed their needlework until 4 o'clock when Mrs. Fleming served refreshments.

MEET THURSDAY. The Child Culture club members will be entertained at the Berthans, Thursday, October 26 by Mrs. J. U. Eldredge, Jr., and Mrs. Charles Empey.

SILVER TEA.

A large number of the members of the St. Joseph's Catholic church and their friends attended the Silver tea given last Wednesday afternoon at the home of Reverend Father Cushman for the benefit of the Catholic bazaar to be held soon. During the afternoon and evening refreshments were served. The funds derived from the affair will be used to make the bazaar a success.

UTOPIA CLUB. The Utopia club will meet with Mrs. W. F. Madsen next Wednesday afternoon, October 25 at her residence, 2648 Barlow avenue.

FIRST WARD W. C. T. U. Mrs. H. P. Hantz was hostess to the First Ward W. C. T. U. Wednesday afternoon of this week. After devotional, reports of officers were given. The membership committee reported the names of two new members, Mrs. Mary Drake and Mrs. Emma Chausse.

The program for the afternoon included the reading "The Root Beer Fraud," by Mrs. J. F. Freeland, which showed that all home drinks which are fermented with yeast, contain alcohol.

"Safe Non-Alcoholic Remedies" was a subject discussed by all present after Mrs. G. A. Muller and Miss Leota Kennedy had read articles on the subject, in which physicians gave the opinion that the use of alcohol for any disease was injurious. Their opinion was that in cases of heart trouble hot and cold applications to the spine

given alternately were more stimulating than brandy and left no bad effects.

Mrs. Hantz read "Necessity of Teaching School Children Thrift and Economy." A discussion followed in which all agreed that school savings banks would have a beneficial effect. The hostess served delicious refreshments. The next meeting will be November 15, with Mrs. J. W. Welch, 3003 Grant avenue.

THIMBLE CLUB. Mrs. Oscar Couch will be hostess to the members of the Segal Lily Thimble club Tuesday afternoon, October 24 at her home, 2047 Jefferson avenue.

MEETING TODAY. The Historical society is meeting with Mrs. W. W. Gillies at her apartments on Butler avenue this afternoon.

FOURTH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED. Mrs. R. C. Hawkins entertained at a birthday party last Monday afternoon at her home, 659 Twenty-ninth street, in honor of her little daughter, Nora, the day being Nora's fourth birthday. A dainty luncheon was served by Mrs. Hawkins, assisted by Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. E. Rowland. The little guests who spent the afternoon with their tiny hostess were: Misses Ruth Belnap, Lillian Henderson, Irma Rawson, Thelma Moran, Elvora Murphy, Charlene Bell, Nora Hawkins, Jewel Taylor and Marjorie Bell, Masters Frank Taylor, Fred Rowland, Buddie Tribe, Ray Corey, Joe von Rackinson, Wesley Tribe.

ON COAST VISIT. Miss Beatrice Davis and Miss Mildred Doty of this city departed last Sunday night for Sacramento, Calif., where they will visit Miss Davis' brother and wife. Before returning they will visit San Francisco, Los Angeles and other southern California cities.

ENTERTAINED. William Clegg of Downey, Idaho, son of Mrs. Mary Burrup of Ogden, was pleasantly entertained by his daughter, Mrs. J. M. Russell one day this week. Mr. Clegg is well-known in this city.

BUTLER-FRANK. Following the wedding of Miss Hortense Butler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Butler of West Twelfth street, and Lester H. Frank of this city last Wednesday in the Salt Lake temple, a pleasant wedding reception was tendered the young couple at the

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home of the bride's parents on Wednesday evening. The Butler home was prettily decorated in a color scheme of pink and white with fall flowers and autumn leaves. During the evening many friends of the couple called at the home and before their departure were seated at a delightful wedding supper. A tempting menu was served to about ninety guests. The bride was very attractive in a gown of cream crepe-de-chine with velvet trimmings and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. Mr. and Mrs. Frank are well-known in Ogden.

(Continued on Page 12.)

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